

# Battle For New Mombassa

by Heart-Of-Memories

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Summary: A theory based on the video entitled, Believe, set into story form. [T for Language and Violence]

## 1. Chapter 1

A/N: Can't stop creativity. This is my theory behind the Believe trailer on Halo3's Website, told in a first person account as a story.

Disclaimer: The Halo series and all it's characters belong to Bungie, I own this theory.

Warnings: Blood, Language, Violence.

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>The Battle, as we called it, had been going on for at least six hours. The Covenant were getting pushed back along the great ridge into the sea, humanity was winning. Casualties were high on both sides, and Morale was low for the humans. Master Chief hadn't been sighted for over four hours, and people were beginning to think he'd been killed. Cortana's cries over the comm channels quickly silenced those doubts, as she called for a swift retreat of the UNSC troops.<p><p>

\_"Everyone, fall back! This is an order, we have a plan to stop this now, but everyone must fall back to safety! I repeat, fall back immediately!"\_

No one disagreed with her order. She was always with the Master Chief, and none of us doubted her words. We quickly beat a path back to the safety of the buildings, taking out Covenant stragglers on the way as they ran for their encampment. All of us stopped in our tracks as a victorious roar from the Covenant strike leader rang out across the battlefield, sending dread into the pits of our stomachs. I was thankful the last time I'd eaten was over eight hours ago, because if I'd eaten anything sooner than that, I would have been puking it back

up. Some of my fellow soldiers followed that line of thought at the sight before our eyes.

Master Chief, hanging limply from the Covenant leaders claw.

Bright red blood leaked from various places on his chest plate, and his left shoulder armor had been cracked so badly it looked like a spider had formed her web on the poor man. He wasn't moving in the slightest, not struggling to retake his freedom, not moving at all. Some of the soldiers behind me fell to the ground in shock. I could understand why, for I was fighting to keep my knees steady. To think, that our greatest war hero had been captured, maybe even killed, was to large a blow to what little morale we had left in our souls. If Chief had been captured, what hope was there for us? Common soldiers, fighting a losing war. The Covenant scurried up the ravine walls into thier camp, rallying behind thier leader and joining in a victorious battle cry. I swallowed my fear, priming my rifle. If those bastards thought they were going to win without a fight, I was certainly to prove them wrong. I could hear other soldiers cock thier weapons behind me, obviouisly on the same train of thought. Snipers took position on the highest ledge of the ruined building, sighting some of the larger, more dangerous Covenant. You could feel the apprehension coming off us humans in waves, No one moved. Cortana laughed in our ears, startling some of us to near death.

\_"Don't worry, this is Cheif's plan." \_

I half wanted to ask her what she meant, but kept my tounge firmly still behind my teeth. The Covenant leader raised the arm holding Master Chief high, and it was then I noticed the glowing sphere in Master Chief's hand. A plasma bomb. That sneaky bastard, he'd let himself get caught! Apparently, the rest of my fellow fighters had noticed as well, for we all took a step back as a whole. The Covenant leader roared in triumph once more, throwing Master Chief into the ravine. As he did so, our greatest fighter came alive once more, throwing the primed Plamsa Bomb straight into the enemy ranks. The covenant roared in anger and pain as they all were incinerated near instantly. Chief's descent into the ravine was unhalted, and some of us ran forward with a Medic to make sure he was alright. We scrambled down the ravine's steep wall just as he shoved his way up from the ground, hitting the remains of his helmet with the side of his hand. We didn't understand the gesture, only knew that he was still alive. His helmet had broken in the fall, allowing us to see pale white skin, a small amount of dark brown hair, and one vibrant blue eye. He looked over me and my squad, nodding as he saluted. A happy cheer rang thourghout the battle ground.

We had won!

UNSC Sargeant

\_Lance Jones\_

—

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><em>

My first, and probably only, Halo story. A friend of mine gave me the

link to the Halo 3 site a few months ago, during the Iris campaign. That's pretty much how I got involved. Note that this is just a THEORY, i've no idea whether or not something like this will happen within Halo 3, nor if Humanity wins the war. Regardless, inspiration is something that can't be stopped.

Keep up the fight

H-O-M

## 2. Author's Note: June 2012

People may have noticed by now that things have changed around here. Between "Critics United" and "Literate Union", the climate around FFN has taken a drastic turn for the unfriendly. Accounts have been banned, stories deleted, and people have been driven to tears over what was supposed to be a fun hobby, all because of a bunch of bullies. The issues I have with this are long and lengthy, but I won't take up your time with the details. This is just a statement of fact: I'm leaving FFN behind me. This notice will go up on all my stories, and though they will remain up for as long as possible, any incomplete works will not be updated from this point on.

However. This does not mean that they will not have updates at all. I'm leaving FFN behind, not stopping writing. This site has taken a turn for the worst but I will still write, however slowly. Writing my first story is what brought my sister and I together. Writing is what gave me my self-confidence back when I thought I'd lost it all. Writing is, to many people, an escape. A method of coping. I will not let mine be taken from me. On that note, I will not be stopped from writing. No bully is going to take away something that I consider important, and none of you should let that happen, either. Their reasoning, removing stories that break site rules, can be respected up to a point. Their methods cannot. Bullying is never the answer. We are all writers, to some degree, and we are all humans. That demands some modicum of respect, and this is not that. This is bullying, and the only method I know to work with bullies is to turn and walk away until the time comes to fight back. Do not let them take your dreams.

For those who want to keep updated more frequently, all updates to any of my stories will be posted on my tumblr, which can be found at `**heart-of-memories(dot)tumblr(dot)com**`. They will likely be linked to from a different site with Tumblr just serving as the grounds for which to launch, but it's simpler to keep it that way. Also, older fic may be posted on Tumblr at one point or another. Life needs to settle a little more first.

As you've surely seen, this is a work that's noted as "complete" according to FFN standards. As such, it will remain here until it gets deleted for whatever reason. At that time, it will be moved to either the aforementioned Tumblr, or to my new writing "home", `**endlessink(dot)dreamwidth(dot)org`. `**All new fics and any kind of update to the verse this story belongs too will be found there as well, so please follow at your leisure. Hopefully I've made it easy enough for you all to continue doing so, because I cherish each and every one of you. Yes, even the flamers. :3`

In closing, I suggest everyone who reads this and has an account here

find a new place to host their works. There's no telling when things will get worse.

~Heart

End  
file.